

## AN INSTRUCTOR OF THE FOREIGNER.



dirty fellow who commits the nastiness, can afford it! In England, you may be a brute, if you can lay down sixty shillings, the police price of the brutality.

T Marylebone Office one JOHN FRANCIS BIGGE—"of military appearance"—was charged by SIR GEORGE ARMYTAGE with spitting in his face. And BIGGE did not deny the fact: nay, BIGGE rather applauded himself for the unseemly deed. He moreover admitted that a few days before "he had spat in the face of a Frenchman."

MR. BROUGHTON sentenced BIGGE "to pay £3 or"—(and here we have the beauty of English law, that makes ruffianism the purchaseable luxury of the man of money)—"or to be imprisoned for six weeks."

What a lesson is this for our foreign visitors! A Frenchman has his face spat upon; and his condoling remedy is—the

## AN ORANGE INSULT.

[For the Tipperary Fire-eater.]

WITH inexpressible feelings of burning indignation we have to call the attention of all Ireland to a speech said to be delivered by PRINCE ALBERT at a meeting of a society calling itself a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There is not an Irishman whose heart beats in the right place who will not, with flashing eyes, burning brow, and clenched, sinewy hands, read what it is our awful duty to lay before him. The PRINCE said—

"This Society was first chartered by that great man, WILLIAM III. (*cheers*), the greatest Sovereign this country has to boast of (*loud cheers*), by whose sagacity and energy was closed that bloody struggle for civil and religious liberty which had so long been convulsing this country, and were secured to us the inestimable advantages of our constitution and of our Protestant faith (*loud cheers*)."

Yes, they "cheered." The brutal Saxon, gloating over the miseries of this afflicted—this outraged country, bleeding from ten thousand gashes—the malignant Saxon raised his wolfish shout at the name of that man whose iron heel was stamped upon the breast of Ireland.

A great man! Will ye forget this, ye men of Erin? "WILLIAM THE THIRD, the greatest sovereign this country has to boast of!" And why "the greatest?" Because—can there be a doubt of the insult?—because he drove from the rightful divinity of his throne, that really greatest sovereign the brutal Saxon has in reality "to boast of"—JAMES THE SECOND!

"Our Protestant faith!" But with CARDINAL WISEMAN firm as a rock in Westminster, we may afford to smile at the insult. Yes; and with that bright, devoted band, our own Irish brigade—for we accept the term as a distinction—our own brigade "in burning row" in a Saxon House of Commons, we *will* smile; we say, we *will* smile; smile, and silently swear—swear!!!

## THE FRONT ROW OF THE SHILLING GALLERY.

WE like occupying the Front Row of the Gallery on a Shilling day of the Exhibition, and comfortably seated down, with plenty of room for our legs, to enjoy all the little incidents that are being quietly exhibited below. It is like going behind the scenes—if a person can be up in the gallery and behind the scenes at the same time—and peeping at the audience through a hole in the big curtain.

The great mob keeps playing about the floor like an immense sea of Jack-o'-lanterns. You cannot look at them without winking. It is a Quadrille of colours—a Reel of prismatic rays—which may well turn the poor Koh-i-noor pale with envy. There they are dancing in the most fantastic figures—*Poules*—*Pastorals*—*Pantalons* innumerable—*Grandes Rondes* without end round the Crystal Fountain—*Cavaliers Seuls* looking after their partners—and inextricable *Chaines de Dames* extending, like garlands, the whole length of the building. Fancy these all moving, surging, tossing together, whilst countless sets are wildly rushing up and down the middle, and *balancez*-ing, like summer lightning, from one side to the other, and you will have but a poor notion, after all, how *PÉtÉ* is danced through, with a gaiety it has never known before, at this year's Exhibition. The dazzling effect we can only

compare to a series of TURNER'S pictures being viewed, on a summer's day, through the windows of an express train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

After a time, however, this flying panorama of colours slackens its speed a bit, and the eye, at first blinded by the immense glare, begins gradually to recover its power, and to settle on distinct objects. Here it distinguishes a sunny corn-field of bonnets, gracefully waving backwards and forwards, as if they were curtsying to the beauty of the scene; there it can discriminate a sullen acre of black hats, running in lines, like a newly-ploughed field. In one spot is a rich garden blooming with all the gorgeous hues of fashion; and, in another direction, spreads an immense plantation of poplar-looking boys, and of sturdy men of the circumference of oaks. The scene grows before you, and almost articulates; here a Statue speaks, and there a bright fountain leaps up, laughing like a child, with joy. It is, to be extatic, a living chapter of *Boccaccio* read aloud with the eyes.

But we must descend from our imaginative balloon, and step on earth. The cynosure (or rather, the sinecure) of all eyes seems to be the Koh-i-noor diamond. Poor jewel—there is something the matter with it, for it disdains to shine. It has been lately served up with gas—but this, apparently, has only subjected it to more roasting than before. There is something touching in the fact of a sick diamond calling in the assistance of one of its poor relations—for both the diamond and gas are descended from the same family of coal—which said family, by-the-bye, must be about the oldest family in the world, for it numbers more generations under ground than any other. But this is not the first time, by many, that the Koh-i-noors of society only shine with the borrowed light of those working beneath them in station! But we leave the perfect setting of this brilliant moral to others.



Do you see what a crowd hems in the monster bird-cage?—which bird-cage many a fine lady would give up her pew in church to be able to hang up in her drawing-room. What a number of cats (on two legs) there would be jumping up after it, to be sure!

This same Koh-i-noor rises and sets every morning and evening, just like the sun, and "giving," as we heard a stupid Frenchman say, "about as much light as the sun in England." This rising and setting, however, may be only to illustrate the various ups and downs the diamond has had in its day. This lump of crystallised carbon may be said to invert the stereotyped recommendation of the *Evening Paper*—for its fate seems to be, "the less it is seen, the more it is appreciated." One half of the ladies, who push, and pant, and pinch their way amongst one another to see it, go away with hearts as crushed as their bonnets, and live in hopes of catching a glimpse of it the following day. But the other half, who are fortunate enough to be smiled upon by this stony-hearted Diamond, are made happy for the rest of their lives. In fact, its rising and setting are made matters of as much excitement in the fashionable world, as the rising and setting of the sun amongst travellers on the top of Mount Righi; and we must say that a little rigging would do the Diamond and its worshippers no harm. A young lady, who is present at its morning levee, rushes home, in the greatest ecstasy, and exclaims—"Oh, Mamma, I'm so very very happy! I've seen the Koh-i-noor rise this morning!" And we have been told of a lady who was old enough to know better, bursting into a large party, and



exclaiming, "My dears, what do you think! I've just left the Koh-i-noor, and I never saw it set so beautifully in all my life!"

When you have had fun enough out of the Mountain of Darkness, you had better refresh your aching orbits a little, by plunging them into the Crystal Fountain. This is the grand booking-office, to which



*Nervous Father.* "MIND, MY DEARS, IF WE MISS ONE ANOTHER, WE ALL MEET, AT SIX O'CLOCK, AT THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN."

all appointments are directed. It is a depôt for stray children—a little receiving-warehouse for all live articles. "Oh! meet me at the Fountain," seems to be the great song of the Exhibition; and the pathetic scenes that sometimes take place there between husband and wife, after an agonising separation, perhaps, of four or five hours, are more than enough to fill your eyes with water, more especially if you are standing close to the brim.

What a good view you have from the Gallery of the little dinner-party that is generally given once or twice a day in the neighbourhood of the Fountain, when the Shilling guests are invited to the Exhibition. "Beer is NOT allowed to be drunk on the premises,"—so the poor people are obliged to drink water—*faute de M(1)EUX*.



But there is something to regale all the senses in the Exhibition—excepting, perhaps, the sense of touch;—and yet Portugal allows that indulgence which England denies—though we always understood that the latter was a much more pinching climate than the former. You can regale your eyes with the treats displayed in every direction; your ears and palate, with the pianos and fountains that are playing with such delicious accompaniments around you; and your olfactory organs, with the snuff that makes of Portugal a happy land—a land of fragrance and



contentment, where you may take what you please—and what you take (as we heard a "mad wag" call it) is "nuffen (snuffing) to nobody."



This is not the only treat for which every visitor has to pay through the nose. There are the Eau-de-Cologne fountains, which strangely enough play everywhere in the Exhibition but in Cologne. The applicants for the perfume must sometimes astonish the liberal dispenser;—ploughboys and farmers, hold out their handkerchiefs to be saturated, and are not always very

well pleased with the result. The agriculturist nose has evidently still to be educated to a sense of the high refinement of Eau-de-Cologne;—but one rural youth was so tremendously tickled with the new olfactory sensation, that not satisfied with having his bird's-eye *mouchoir* twice replenished, he pulled off his wide-awake, and held it before the HEZE of the fountain to have it filled.

Another amusing view from the Gallery is to watch the stall of American revolvers. The sense of touch is again liberally indulged there—so liberally, that we cannot help congratulating the *Greek Slave* upon the fact that they are not loaded—or else, with the American hatred of everything like slavery, she would certainly not long occupy her present elevation as a Model Slave from the Model Republic. The gentlemen, who handle the revolvers, are principally officers, but we noticed one individual pressing to be instructed in the use and mystery of the instrument, who evidently intended to carry out the theory into practice at the very earliest opportunity. We hope the police has its eye upon that intelligent individual, for it





will be too bad if America is frequented as a *School for English Burglars*, where the use of the Revolver is taught free of expense.

It is growing late, and it is as much as we can do to discern objects distinctly. But the cries of a child attract our attention to the Amazon Statue, and there we discover a young gentleman, in feathers, who has



lost his maternal parent. The Police take him up tenderly, and, doubtlessly, to-morrow, we shall read an advertisement like the following:—

**FOUND** yesterday, near the Amazon Statue, a Young Child, in pink Hat and red Feathers, and who answers to the name of "Bobby." He had in his possession at the time he was found, a straw rattle in one hand, and a piece of gingerbread in the other. Any one giving full particulars to the Police, Prince's Gate, as to the ownership of the Child, may have it instantly restored to them.

N.B. It is urgently requested that the Child may be removed as soon as possible, as he has done nothing but cry since he was taken.

#### THE THIEVES' KITCHEN AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE subjoined Petition has been laid on the table of the House of Commons by *Mr. Punch*:—

*The Petition of WILLIAM, otherwise BILL DOLLY, otherwise NIX, otherwise FAKE, and commonly called the ARTIST, and others,*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your petitioners belong to a class of persons of highly respectable exterior, whose character, from personal acquaintance, can be vouched for by HER MAJESTY'S police.

That the body of well-dressed and decently-conducted individuals whereof your petitioners are members, are dependent for their subsistence on their manual dexterity applied in relieving HER MAJESTY'S subjects at large of proprietary encumbrances by a peculiar process of extraction, and conveyance or transference.

That your petitioners thus levy on the subjects of HER MAJESTY a species of contributions somewhat of the nature of taxes, and differing from them only in the circumstance of being generally gathered without being felt.

That when any objection is made to the said contributions, levied, as aforesaid, by your said petitioners, an appeal lies to the nearest magistrate, who usually disposes of your petitioners' case by a very summary process of justice,—if justice that award can be called which usually inflicts much laborious exertion, and other severe hardships on your petitioners.

That there is another class of persons not at all superior to your petitioners in respectability, and who cultivate a similar but a less in-offensive branch of industry: such persons being connected in divers official capacities with HER MAJESTY'S Board of Customs.

That the persons in question are wont and accustomed to seize and take various and sundry goods, chattels, and merchandize, in excess of their warrant as defined by statute: that is to say, after the manner of your petitioners: only that they, the said persons, very frequently make captures and seizures enormously larger than your petitioners ever make—the value of the said captures and seizures amounting in many instances to thousands of pounds.

That whereas a mistake made by your petitioners in the abstraction of a silk handkerchief, worth but a few shillings, renders them amenable to the immediate jurisdiction of a police-officer, commonly entailing on them very unpleasant consequences, those other persons, should they commit (as they continually do) a like error in the matter of a case of goods, valued at from £500, are not capable of being sued at all, except by a most expensive process, terminating in an action in the Court of Exchequer; inasmuch that those said other persons are practically protected, to a great extent, from the mere necessity of refunding.

Your petitioners therefore pray that the same protection which is

enjoyed by the said persons, namely, the officials of HER MAJESTY'S Board of Customs, may be extended to your petitioners, to screen them, in like manner, from the consequences of unfortunate mistakes in the exercise of their vocation.

And your petitioners, who, in the vulgar tongue, are described as pickpockets and the swell mob, will ever PRIG.

#### THE UNCOMPROMISING PRIESTHOOD.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"THE Arch Deceiver has been this week—to use a homely phrase—'at it again.' His organs, the newspapers, now state that the suit of *METAIRIE v. WISEMAN* has been compromised by the division of M. CARRÉ's bequest of £7000 to the Roman Catholic chapel and school of ST. ALOYSIUS at Somers Town, in the proportion of £4000 to the testator's next of kin, and £3000 to the charity. You, my very dear *Mr. Punch*, do not require to be told that our uncompromising Church never compromises anything, nor admits of any compromise on the part of her clergy. The foul Fiend, by a forged report of a lawsuit, which, by a delusion similar to that produced by the electro-biologists, he had contrived to foist into the journals, endeavoured to make the public believe that old M. CARRÉ had left his £7000 to the Church, away from his relatives, because he was frightened into doing so on his deathbed by the menaces of a priest. The phantom of a compromise has been conjured up by the Demon, in order to exhibit the reverend defendants as trying to make the best of a very bad job. But the truth shall be told, and the Evil One put to shame.

"The fact, then, is, that M. CARRÉ made his will, bequeathing his wealth to the pious uses above named when in robust health and spirits, being at the time in the general habit of consuming two pounds and a half of rump-steak daily, except on Fridays and other days of fasting and abstinence. This was satisfactorily proved in evidence on the trial, and a verdict was of course given for the holy men, who, so far from terrifying the dying philanthropist (not miser, as he has been slanderously termed) into leaving the bulk of his money for ecclesiastical purposes, actually persuaded him to devise a good round sum to his relatives, whom he would otherwise have cut off with a shilling. To falsify a law-report may seem beyond the power even of the Prince of Darkness; but what is that to the perversion of whole chapters of history, by which, for example, he has palmed off on Protestants the acts and character of the sanguinary BESS as those of the good QUEEN MOLLY? just as he might occasion the fictions of MUNCHAUSEN to be ascribed to the same author as the plain unvarnished tales of

"VERAX."

#### STARVED-OUT AMBASSADORS.

GOVERNMENTS guilty of extravagance have been subject to so much cutting up, that cutting down has become a recognised branch of administrative policy. There is, however, a good deal of tact required to leave in-tact those expenses which are for the public good, and diminish those that exist to the public detriment.

There can be no doubt that the reductions in our diplomatic establishments are very wholesome; and though we should not wish to see our diplomatic relations reduced to very poor relations, a good deal may yet be done—or, rather, undone—in this department of our outlay. Our Ambassador to Paris, LORD NORMANBY, who likes to do things on a liberal scale, has undergone a reduction of income which may, as hinted by LORD PALMERSTON in the House of Commons, lead to some curtailment of the dinners that a certain class of the English in Paris expect to be invited to.

We don't see that the dignity of England is enhanced by the indulgence of a few travelling *gourmands*, and we are glad, therefore, that the country will be spared the expense, and the Ambassador the trouble, of entertaining them. We do not, however, wish to see the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, or any other Ambassador, cut down to an inconveniently low figure, which would prevent him from cutting any figure at all; and we will take LORD PALMERSTON'S word for it, that, since the Republic has thrown Paris so thoroughly out of luck, there has been more *luxe* than ever. Of course, when in France, the Ambassador must do as France does, and it must require a large amount of English gold to keep pace with the French Cap'ial.

#### Lenten Entertainment at the Mansion House.

MR. PUNCH begs to offer his Puseyite friends his condolence on the circumstance that the LORD MAYOR gave, the other day, a grand dinner to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, and several other prelates, helped to eat. *Punch* would console his genuflective readers by the suggestion that one of these days we may rejoice in a Tractarian Lord Mayor—especially should the civic chair be filled by a tallow-chandler—who, instead of splendid banquets, will give magnificent fasts.